

HOT STUFF

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CORSEN

HOT STUF' #5

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Sal Quartuccio

FRONT COVER

Rich Corben

THE FOUR DEMI-GORGONS

Story - Herb Arnold

Art - Tim Kirk

THE BLACK IDOL

Story - Herb Arnold

Art - Stan Dresser

CHARD

Story - Herb Arnold

Art - Rich Corben

CROWN OF FEAR

Story and Art - Herb Arnold

BACK COVER

Herb Arnold

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Bob Keenan

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Welcome to the fifth issue of **Hot Stuf'**. It's a long time between editorials, but I feel this is the beginning of a new era for my publication and there is much to say.

BACK ISSUES

Issue numbers one, two and three are sold out; number four is still available at \$1.50 plus 50¢ postage. We are trying to keep with our quarterly schedule but that is entirely up to you.

HEY LOOK

I can produce **Hot Stuf'** on a **MONTHLY** basis, if our sales were immediate after publication. I know, based on all the mail and personal comments, that **Hot Stuf'** is well received by all of you, but it takes several months to get a new issue out!

You can help by:

- 1) Ordering by mail as soon as our advertising appears in Starlog, The Buyer's Guide and the Comic Reader.
- 2) Purchasing from your favorite dealer who carries **Hot Stuf'**

3) If your favorite dealer doesn't carry **Hot Stuf'** - grab him by the throat and convince him to carry **Hot Stuf'**.

4) Also, in the back of this issue are pages of house ads - all of the items available are of the highest quality art and reproduction. Try 'em, you'll like 'em!

NOTICE TO ALL DEALERS AND DISTRIBUTORS

Many of you don't realize it - but in a general survey of dealers **around the world - Hot Stuf'** is a faster seller than Heavy Metal or Star-Reach - both of which began publishing after **Hot Stuf'** originated in 1974. Compare the quality of printing, paper stock, cover art, cover price and the best interior art and story. We're trying real hard to produce the **best** comic art magazine around.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hearing from you folks, your comments and suggestions, is one of the most important areas of publishing. It tells me which direction to head in. I thank everyone who has written and I wish I could reply to each one of you, but unfortunately time does not permit it.

FUTURE ISSUES

We are not accepting subscriptions just yet, but we will announce it soon. Of course that doesn't mean that we have no future issues planned. As a matter of fact here is a partial listing of those good people working on projects for **Hot Stuf'** - NEAL ADAMS, RICH CORBEN, KEN BARR, ALEX TOTH, MIKE NASSER, WALLY WOOD, GRAY MORROW, JOHN SEVERIN, BRUCE JONES, WALT SIMONSON, BOB KEENAN, JAN STRNAD, BOB KLINE, JIM BURNS, ED MANLEY, ERNIE COLON, GAIL SCHLESSER, WILLIAM STILLWELL, HERB ARNOLD, TIM KIRK, STAN DRESSER, CARL POTTS, BIL MAHER, GREG POTTER, CLYDE CALDWELL, TONY DEZUNIGA AND MANY MORE.

STARSPAWN

My very good friend and assistant editor, Bob Keenan, has just published his first project and quite a good one it is too! Starspawn is a great new sci-fi character created by Bob, and by Mike Nasser. The set of four 11 x 14 black and white tone prints is some of Mike's finer work. The prints come in an illustrated envelope with a brief story line for each print. This exciting package has a very limited edition so turn to the back pages fast and order now!

OH! AND ONE MORE THING!

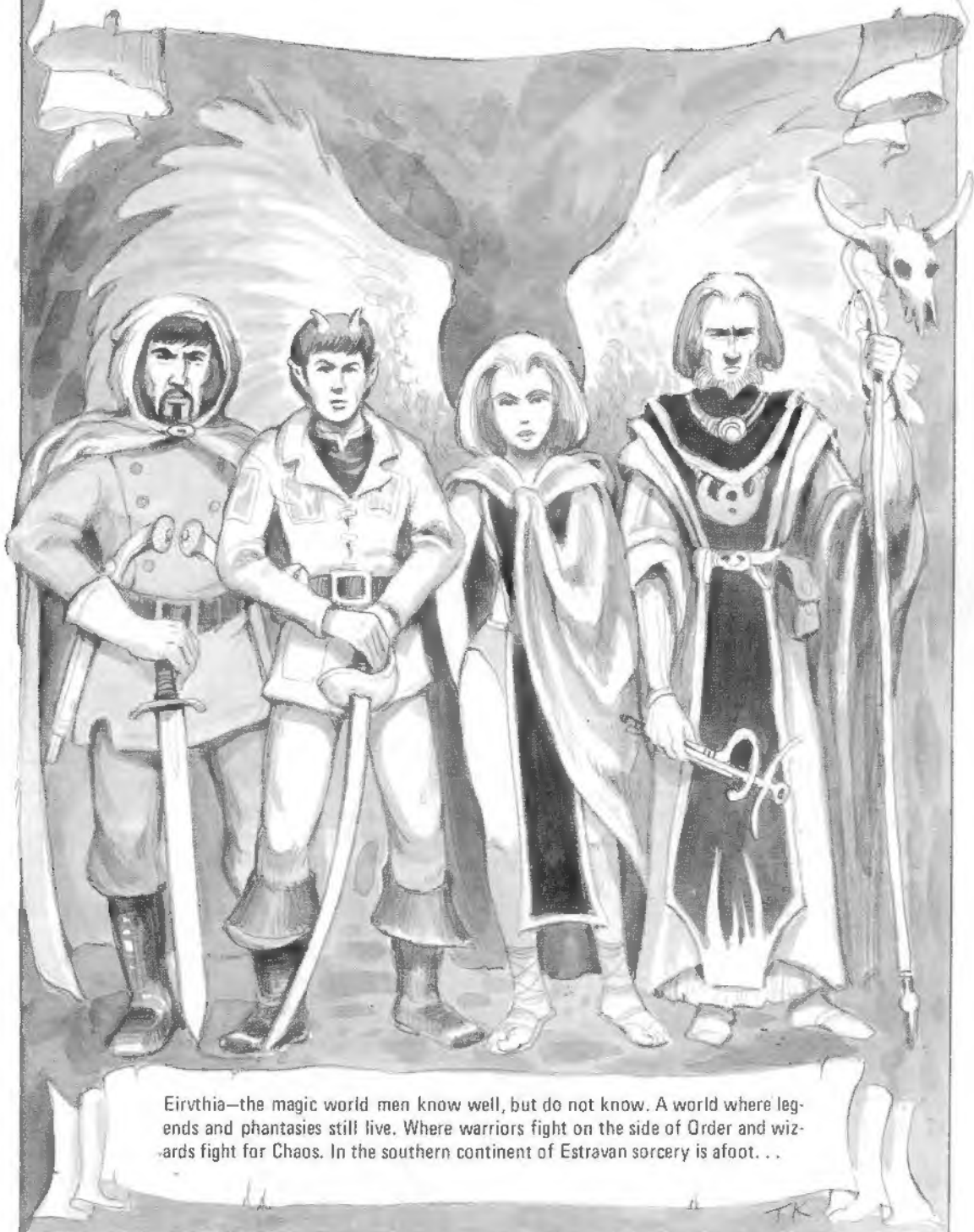
You may have noticed that we've just published Volume Two of **The Art of Neal Adams**. Neal is undoubtedly the most popular and talented artist ever to hit comic art. This new collection of mostly never-before-seen work by Neal Adams is an immediate smash! Especially a 16 page thriller that will tantalize every Adams fan and will most likely create several new Adams followers. P.S. - Volume Three is not too far away gang. And we still have copies of Volume One available [but hurry!]

Well, thanks for listening and for your support. Enjoy the issue. See ya' next time.

Sal Quartuccio

SGT MARK E. RAINEY
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CAMP PENDLETON, CA 92055

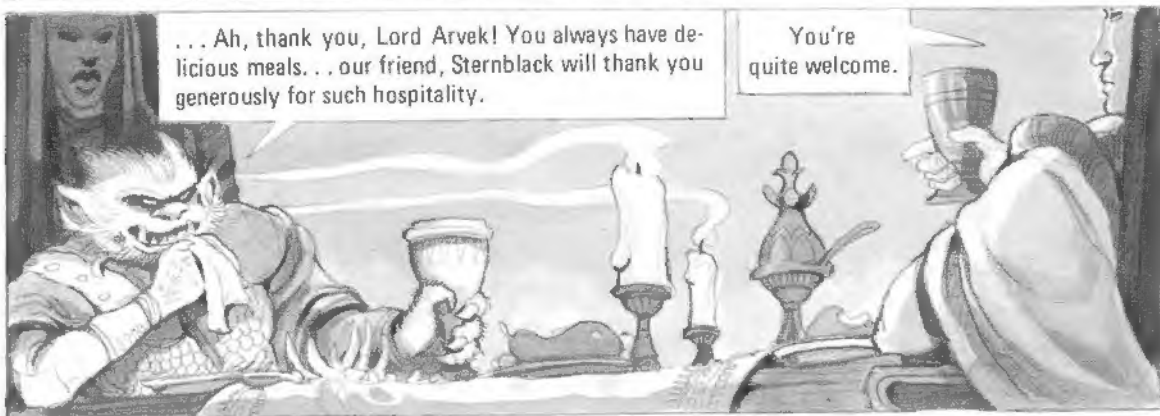
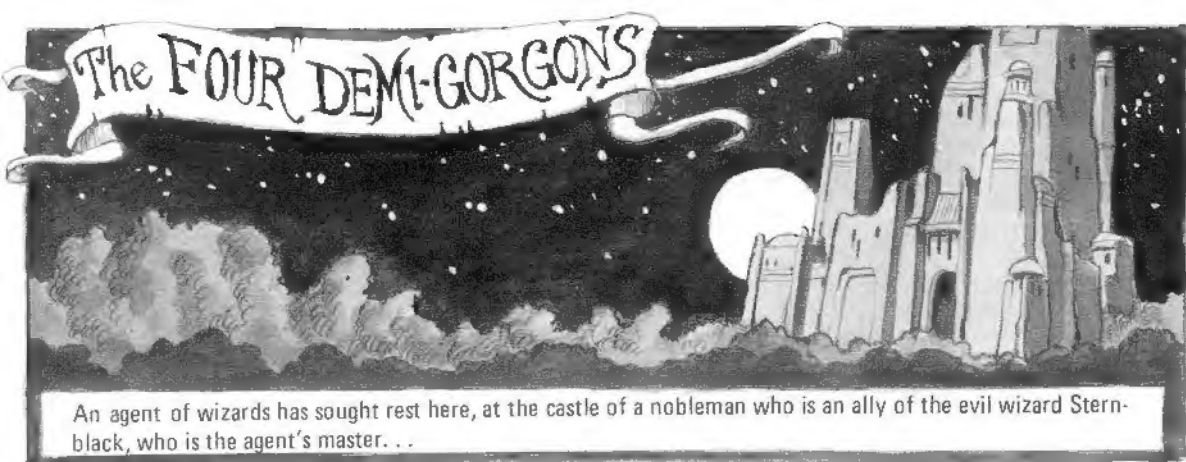
TALES OUT OF EIRVTHIA BOOK II



Eirvthia—the magic world men know well, but do not know. A world where legends and phantasies still live. Where warriors fight on the side of Order and wizards fight for Chaos. In the southern continent of Estravan sorcery is afoot. . .

Art © copyright 1977 by Tim Kirk

Adaptations of stories, and featuring characters, created by Herb Arnold © copyright 1977 by Herb Arnold



Curse you! White magic! Arh! —After all our work and struggle, to fail...

Don't struggle. You can't escape. What is your work?

Be damned Arvek, I'll not tell you or your stinking white friends!

Then taste magic, beastman! White always burns away black powers!

Aarrghh! —It shrivels me—Stop!—I'll tell—LISTEN!!

Good! But be warned, I can see lies!

Uhh!... uh! No, no lies! There—in my satchel—a statue, get it out.

This black idol?

Aye! A powerful black idol... whose history is stained with blood... I got it from a mercenary of the east for my wizards. I am to take it to another mercenary who'll take it south...

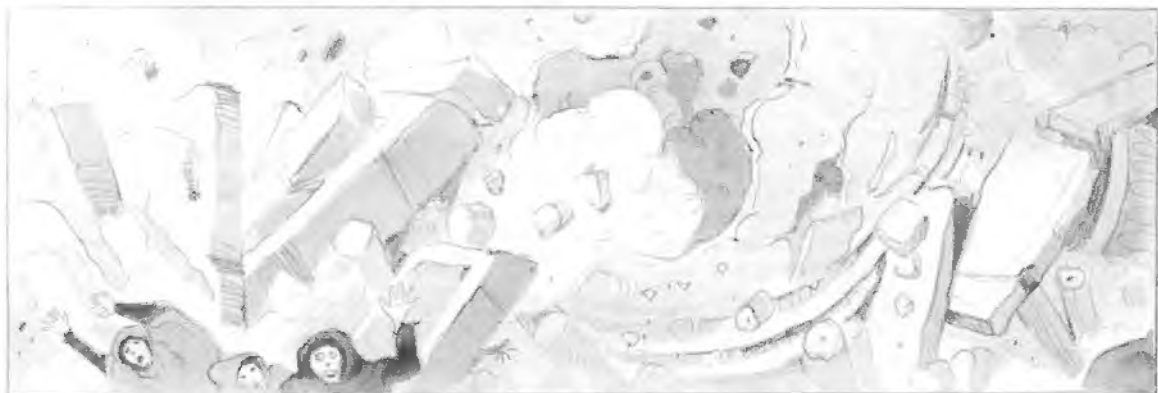
Listen, damned white wizard... In prehistoric times ancients believed that four great Demi-Gorgons dwelt at the four corners of the world. All lived beneath the earth...

What is it?

TK



Each Demi-Gorgon had an entrance to earth through its own shrine. To allow the creatures to enter earth their worshippers had to use a magic idol of the monsters. Without these they were locked in the earth. . .



Through cataclysms the Demi-Gorgons of the West and North were cut off from the other two. All passionately hated each other and the remaining two feuded. . .



The Demi-Gorgons fought through their fanatical worshippers. The southern worshippers succeeded in stealing the idol of the Eastern Demi-Gorgon and cast it into the sea. . .



Having lost the key to their own Demi-Gorgon, the easterners retaliated by seizing the black idol of the Southern Demi-Gorgon. . .



This action precipitated such a great and bloody war between the rival religions that the righteous nations of Eirvthia turned on the fanatics. . .



Neither cult group could release their imprisoned Demi-Gorgons and so the nations scattered the devil-worshippers. . .



Yet by sinister cunning the Eastern cult managed to survive intact and carried their blasphemous religion on into the years. They believed this was due to possessing the black idol of their southern rivals, feeling it was a charm of luck and power. . .



The legends passed through the years. . . finally, Lormos, wizard of Estravan, my master, stumbled on the lost, sand-covered shrine of the Demi-Gorgon of the South. There he found a growing remnant of its unholy cult.



This cult still hoped to recover its black idol, long stolen. Seeing a chance to gather an army of fanatics to ravage Estravan, Lormos called on his northern cousin, Rhovan Sternblack, to aid him. Sternblack then learned the rival cult of the east still existed and held the revered black idol. . .



Sternblack learned a war-like nation was beseiging the eastern country of devil-worshippers. Here was a perfect opportunity to steal back the black idol. Accordingly, he employed and dispatched spies, familiars and mercenaries to secure the weird prize.

Yetabol had fought long against the devil-worshipping country of Ghurghara and still they could not avail. It was told Ghurghara was invulnerable because of a magic power in the city. A mysterious nobleman of the West, Ereophin, offered to seek and destroy this power. Yet because he dabbled in magic Ereophin could not brave the protective magic of Ghurghara...

So Ereophin secured the aid of the wanderer, Grimholt, who untainted by sorcery, could penetrate Ghurghara's magic defenses for Yetabol.

Art © copyright 1977 by Stan Dresser

THE CITY OF THE BLACK IDOL

Fine. Once I secretly get into the city what then King Melrochar?

You must go to the temple of the Demi-Gorgon of the East and steal a certain black idol there.

An idol
...?..

Yes, Grimholt, for the folk of Ghurghara believe the black idol offers them magic protection. They revere it. Without it the city will fall!

Alright, Chansara, I don't like sorcery, but I'll steal your idol. Yet even without magic Ghurghara is a strong city...



How can even Yetabol's army hope to scale its huge walls... You are all infantry!

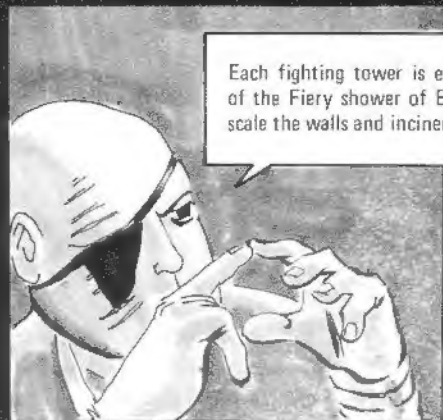
Behold!



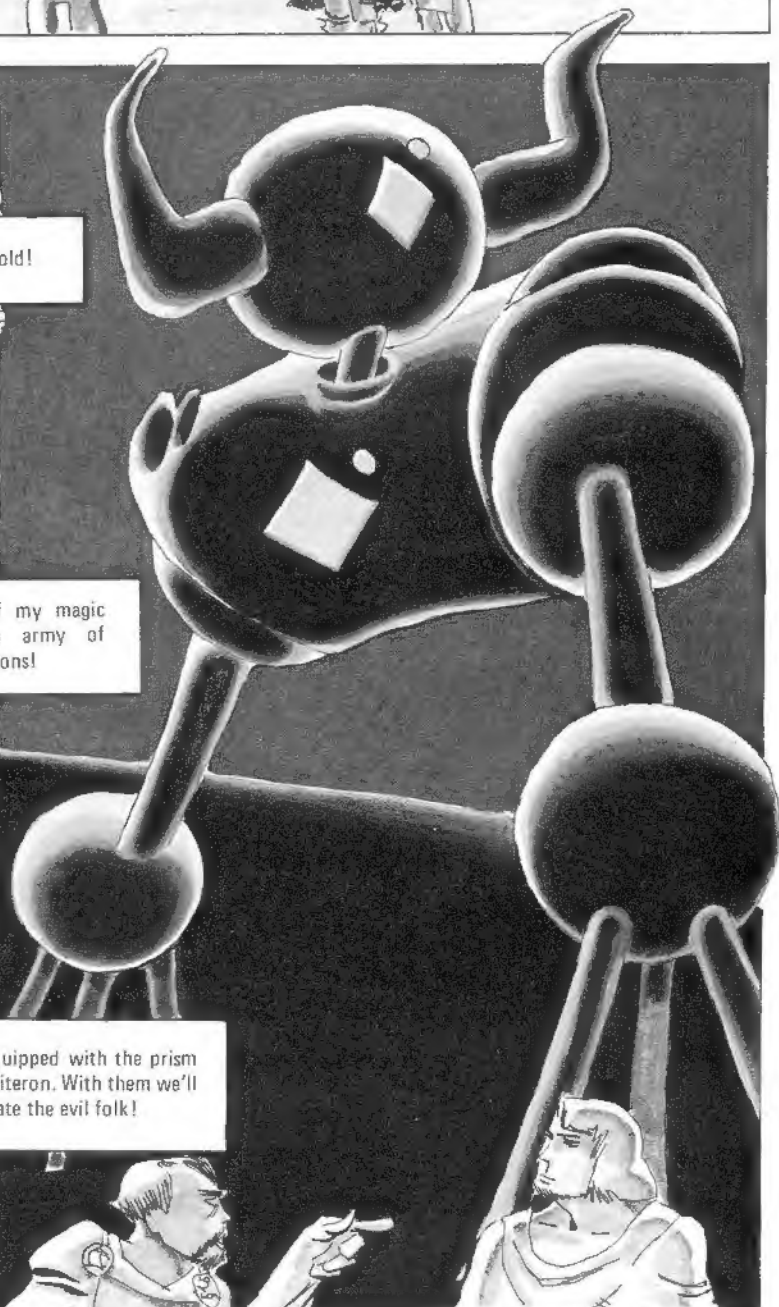
The result of my magic handiwork—an army of metal automatons!



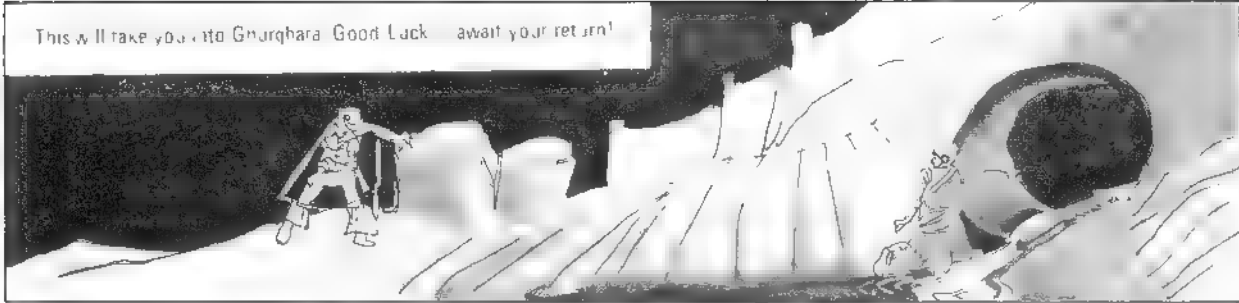
Each fighting tower is equipped with the prism of the Fiery shower of Eliteron. With them we'll scale the walls and incinerate the evil folk!



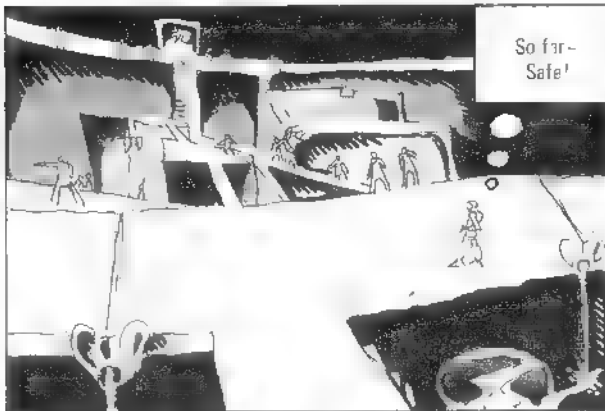
But we can only advance on Ghurghara if the magic idol is removed, the defense broken. Go—complete the quest, Grimholt!



This will take you into Ghurghara Good Luck - await your return!



Disguised Grimholt secretly entered the city from the sewers. Inside he made for the temple, but the fortified town was frantically on the move.



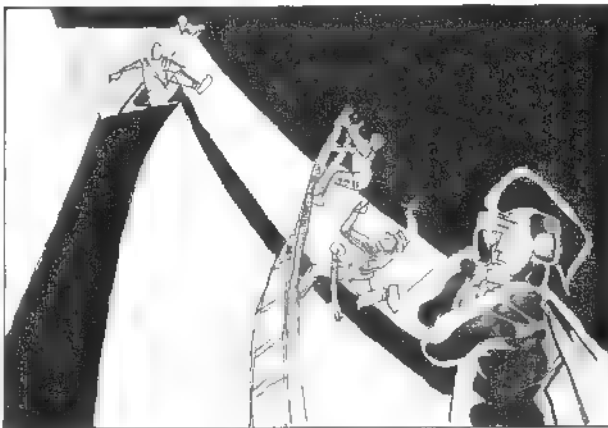
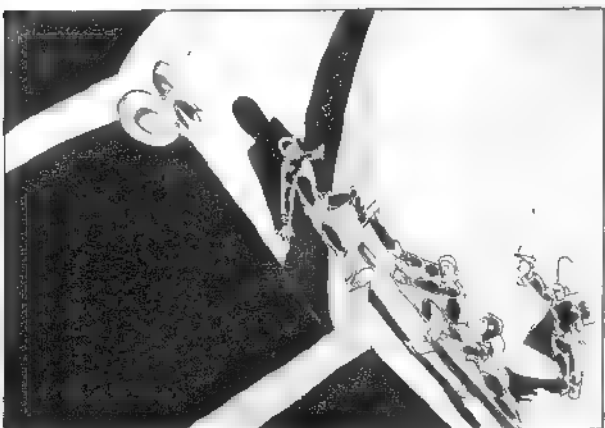
So far -
Safe!



You there! We need men to man
the walls! Come!

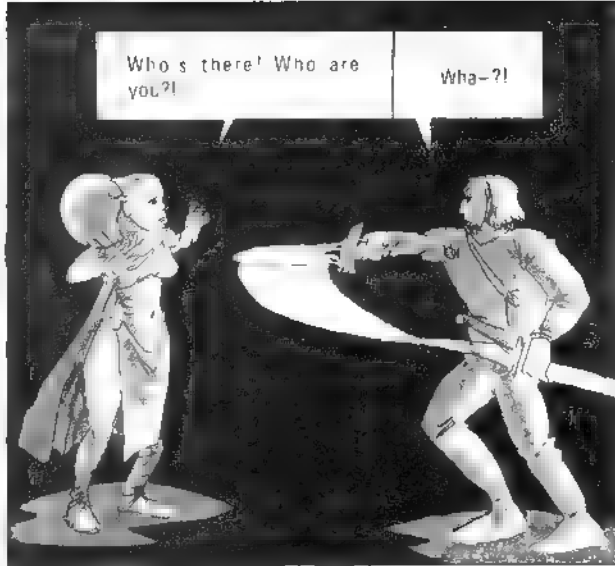


Hey! You!
Come back!





I outran them! I'm safe n here!



Who's there! Who are you?!

Wha-?!



A woman! Scream out and you're dead, wench! I don't mean to die in this devil city!

Nor do I!

Are you a spy of Yetabol?



Thank the gods! I wish to escape before the war! I am Vanthrie, I'll help you escape if you help me.

Yes!



If I trust you! First I must steal the idol from the temple of the Demi Gorgon!

Then the city will fall! Come! I'll lead you there—I'm a maiden of the temple!



I was captured, enslaved by the devil cult. I serve them, yet despise them! I'm willingly help you end their reign! Hurry!

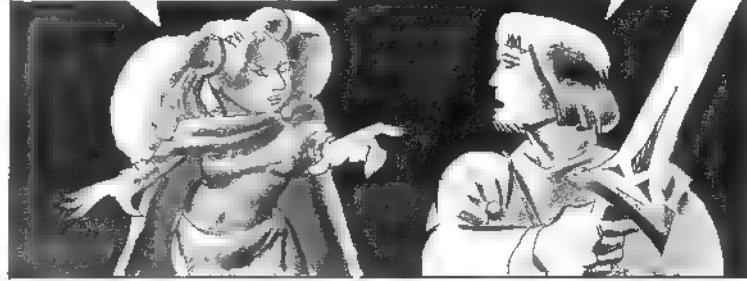
En?



There is the back dol
hurry! Take it!

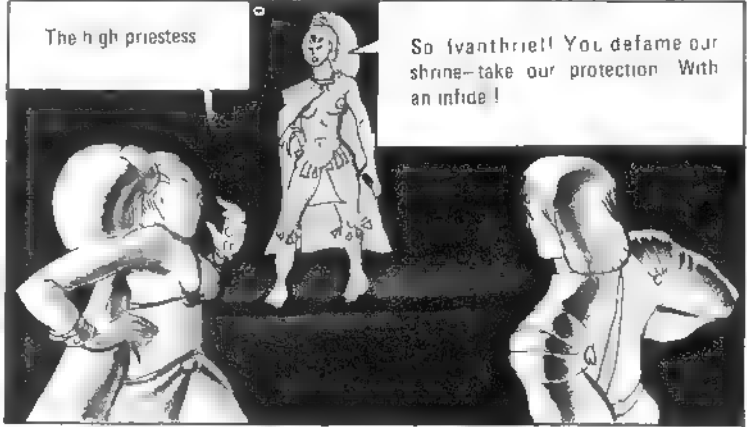
Stee cannot a ways protect
come we go!

Easy girl I've got it no need
to fear I've a strong sword
to protect us!

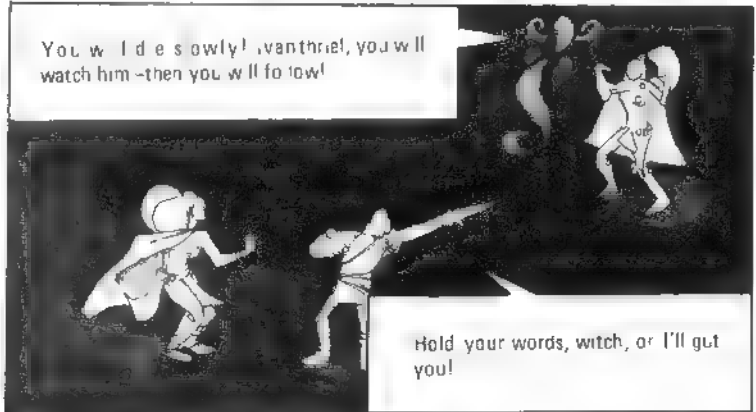


The high priestess

So Ivanthriel! You defame our
shrine—take our protection With
an infidel!

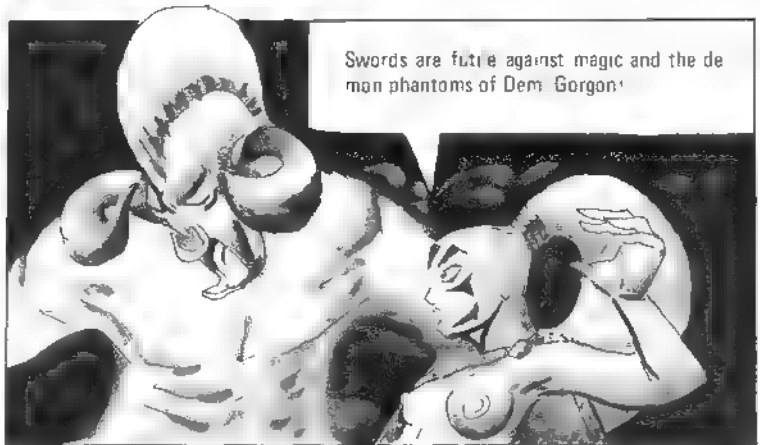


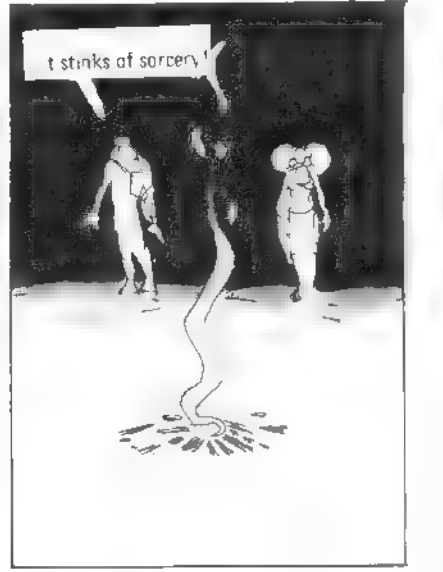
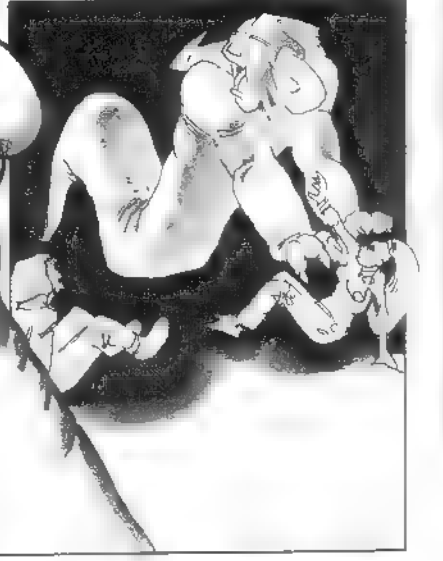
You will die slowly! Ivanthriel, you will
watch him—then you will follow!



Hold your words, witch, or I'll gut
you!

Swords are futile against magic and the de
mon phantoms of Dem. Gorgon!





Later outside the city

Why do you need it? Ghurghara is unprotected now attack it I'm keeping the idol!

What?! Why do you not give us the ido?

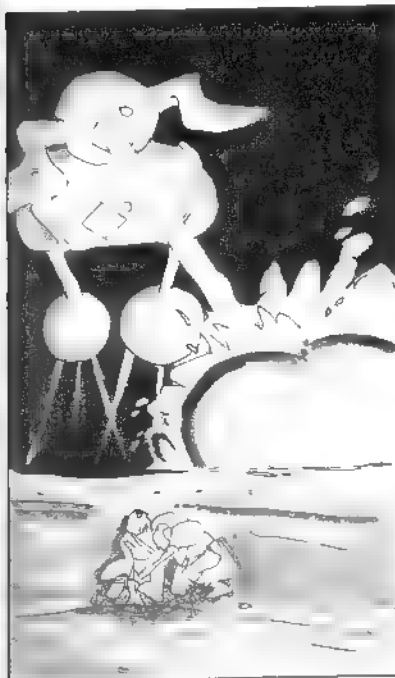
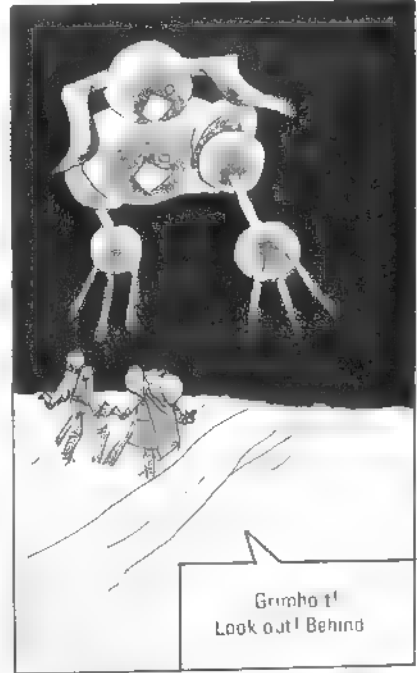
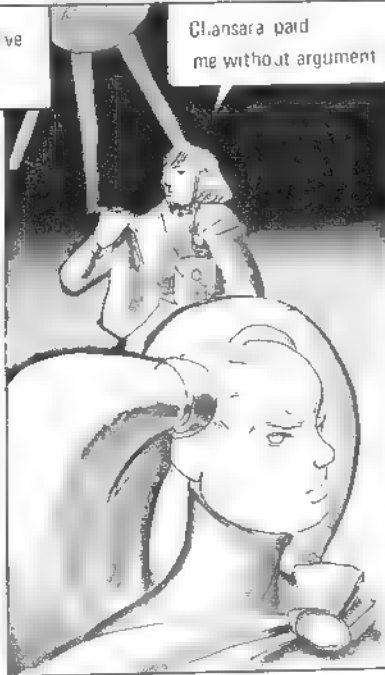


He's right why worry! Sound the attack! Give him his reward and see him off!

As you say, King Me rochar!



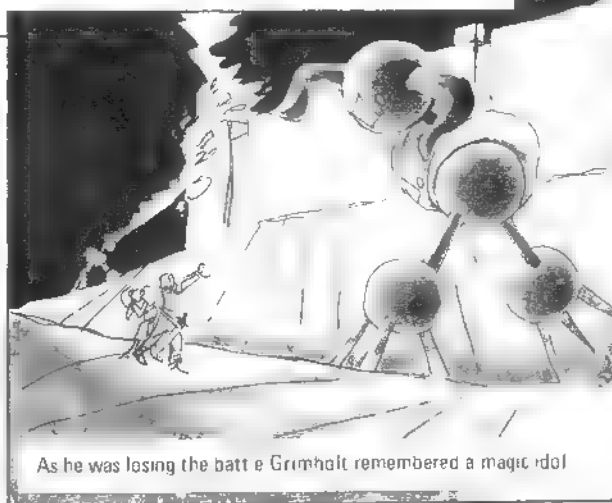
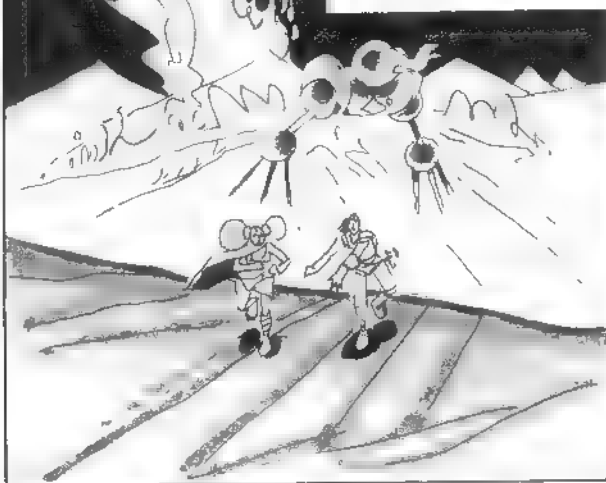
Glansara paid me without argument



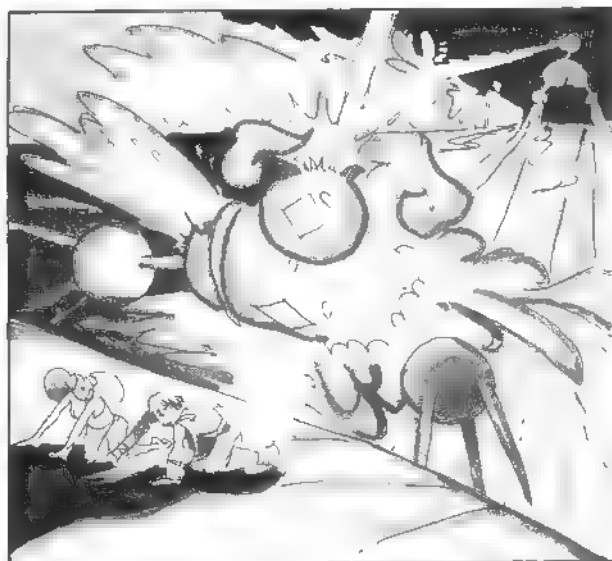
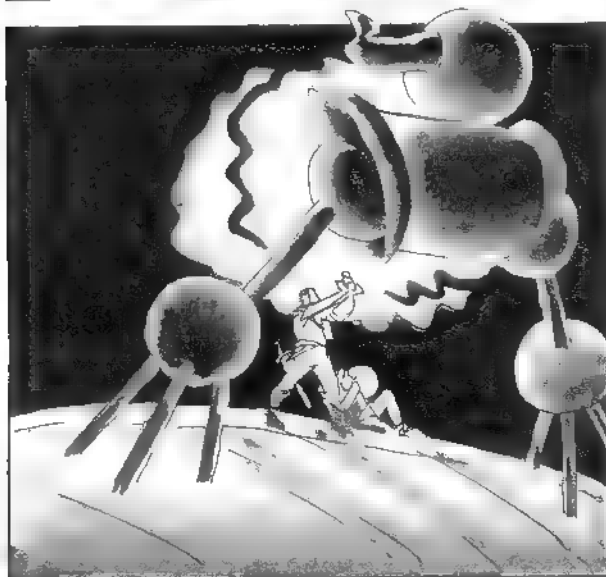
After them! Kill



Dodging, crazily in and out of camp Grimholt led a wild chase while the automation incinerated everything in sight



As he was losing the battle Grimholt remembered a magic idol

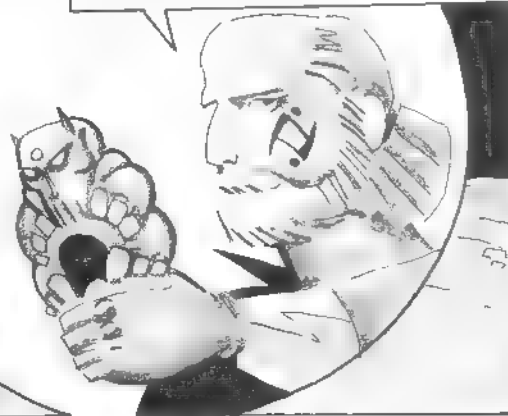
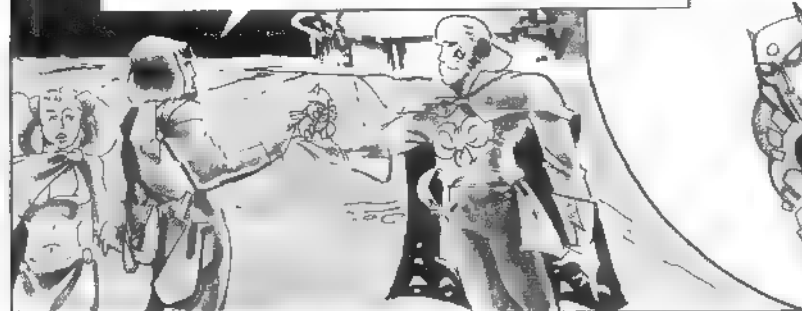


Once in safety Ereophin asked for the black idol

So! Ghurghara falls!

Thank the Gods! Here take it! It's probably cursed! You refuse to share my gold

I'll find some small reward in this, my friend



So the black idol was carried away by Ereophin, away from the leveled city of Ghurghara. He crossed desert and mountains to the far east.



Yet he was always conscious of being followed. The cult of Demi Gorgon worshippers wanted their revenge. They employed the most skilled and insidious agents to retrieve the idol.



The cult employed deadly assassins to track and kill the nobleman. Fortunately, Ereophin outwitted them.



Gladly he gave his undesirable burden to a sailor at his destination. The sailor then left to pass the idol to the next contact, a mercenary who had a group of warriors to protect the prize.

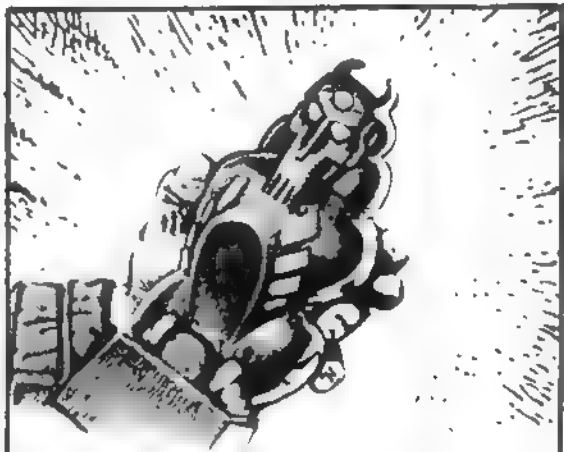
CHARD



1. The first step is to identify the key components of the system. This involves understanding the inputs, outputs, and internal processes. For example, in a manufacturing system, the inputs might be raw materials and labor, the outputs might be finished products, and the internal processes might involve assembly and quality control.

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The $\Delta_{\text{H}}^{\circ}$ of $\text{Fe}(\text{OH})_3$ is $-160.9 \text{ kJ mol}^{-1}$. The $\Delta_{\text{H}}^{\circ}$ of $\text{Fe}(\text{OH})_2$ is $-92.9 \text{ kJ mol}^{-1}$. The $\Delta_{\text{H}}^{\circ}$ of $\text{Fe}(\text{OH})_3$ is $-160.9 \text{ kJ mol}^{-1}$. The $\Delta_{\text{H}}^{\circ}$ of $\text{Fe}(\text{OH})_2$ is $-92.9 \text{ kJ mol}^{-1}$.

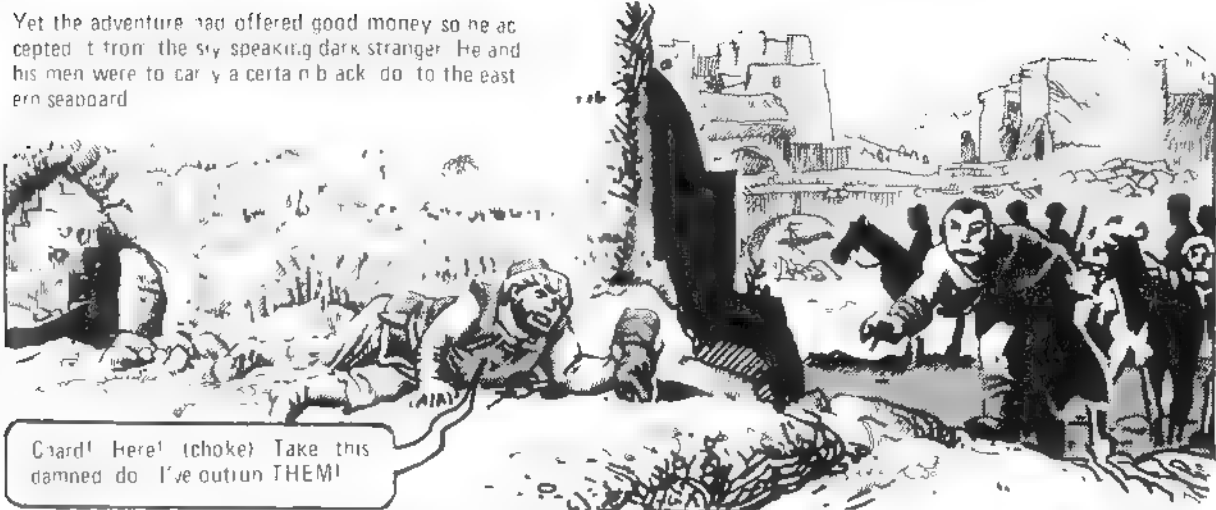


T = { $\langle k, \ell \rangle$: $k \in V(G)$, $\ell \in V(H)$, $(k, \ell) \in E(G \times H)$ }
 $f = f_0 + f_1 + f_2 + f_3 + f_4 + f_5 + f_6 + f_7 + f_8 + f_9 + f_{10} + f_{11}$
 $K_n = K_n^{(1)} \cup K_n^{(2)} \cup \dots \cup K_n^{(n)}$



$A_2 = \{ \dots \}$

Yet the adventure had offered good money so he accepted it from the shy speaking dark stranger. He and his men were to carry a certain black dog to the eastern seaboard.



They were to get the dog from a courier, a sailor, but they found the agent wounded and dying.

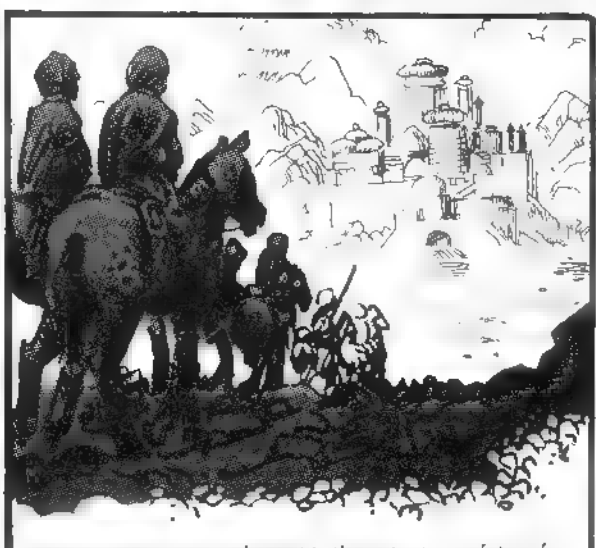
Our master didn't tell me assassins were trying (choke) to retrieve this 'precious' dog!



No wonder they hired fighting men for such a small job! We've been tricked. Well, no matter. We'll do the job anyway.



Alert to danger, Chard and the horsemen hastily left the town.



Three days journey brought them to the safety of Bakreesh. Yet always they felt trackers were behind them.

At a comfortable lodge Chard relaxed on a balcony while his men caressed downstairs. There he met the girl.

You girl, are you well? You look pale. What are you doing here?

The moonlight affects your eyes. I come here often, when I'm alone. Let's go to your room.

Chard obliged the willing girl, yet in the soft furs of his room he was puzzled.

Come now, who are you?

Just a lonely woman, one who's seen many sad years alone.

The night has chilled you. You're so COLD.

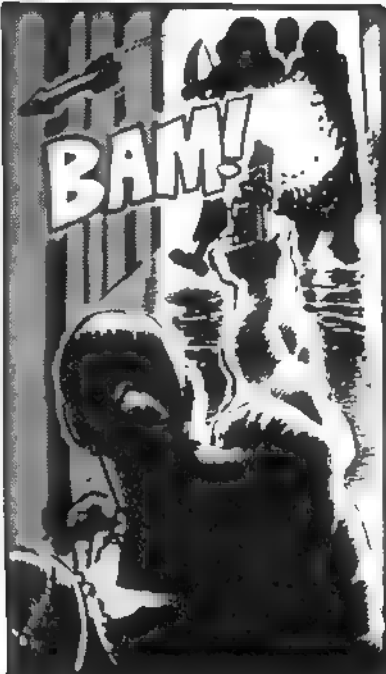
Then warm me Chard! Take away my loneliness and cold.

Ha! A stranger girl I've never -

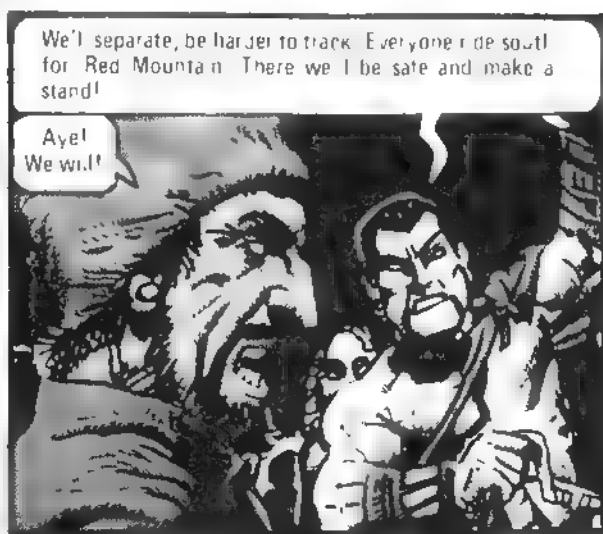
AAAAIEEE!

CRASH!

Assassins!
GHHH!



A hard night's ride brought them far from Bakreesh
They rested, assured they were safe



They overwhe med us, fir ng iron darts from cross bows! They're assassins, after that idol you hold!

Aye!
We wil!



AAIIIEEE!

Gods!
The devils
tracked us



AAIIIEEE!

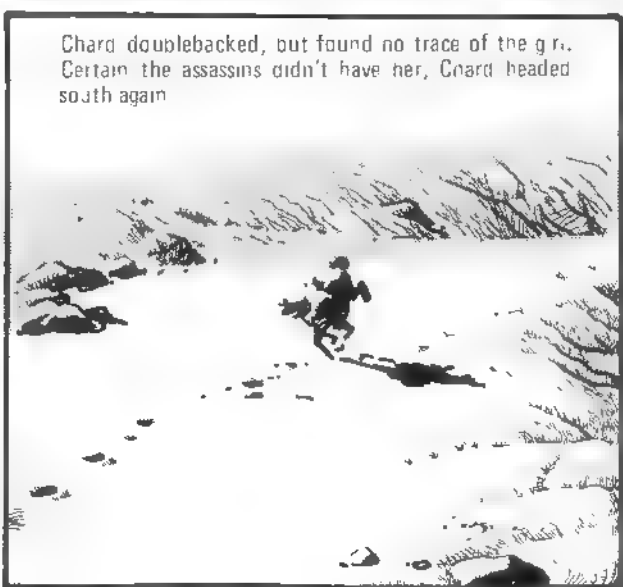
It was maddening how fast and silently these infernal killers had paced them. But the horsemen of the steppes were fast riders.



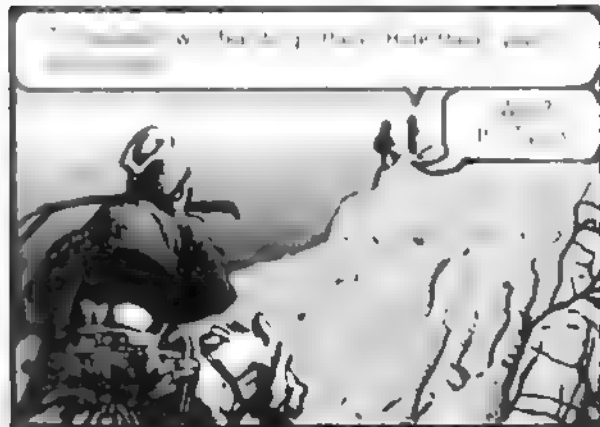
The dawn's breaking, Astaphea! If
those killers go low, now we can see
them!



Astaphea gone!
Gods, did they
kill her?



Chard doublebacked, but found no trace of the girl.
Certain the assassins didn't have her, Chard headed
south again.



Tyros, what?



An old friend would never be suspected of being an assassin, now would he Chard?

Secretly for years, I've belonged to that assassin cult that worshipped that dem gorgon idol in the dev city of Ghurghara. It was stolen.



Now we'll have it back! And your head. Wha?

Chard, Hurry!

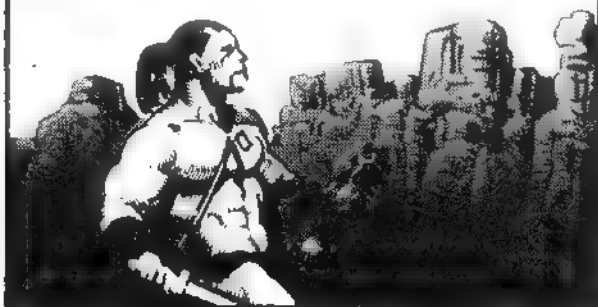


It's your head I'll take INSTEAD TRAITOR!

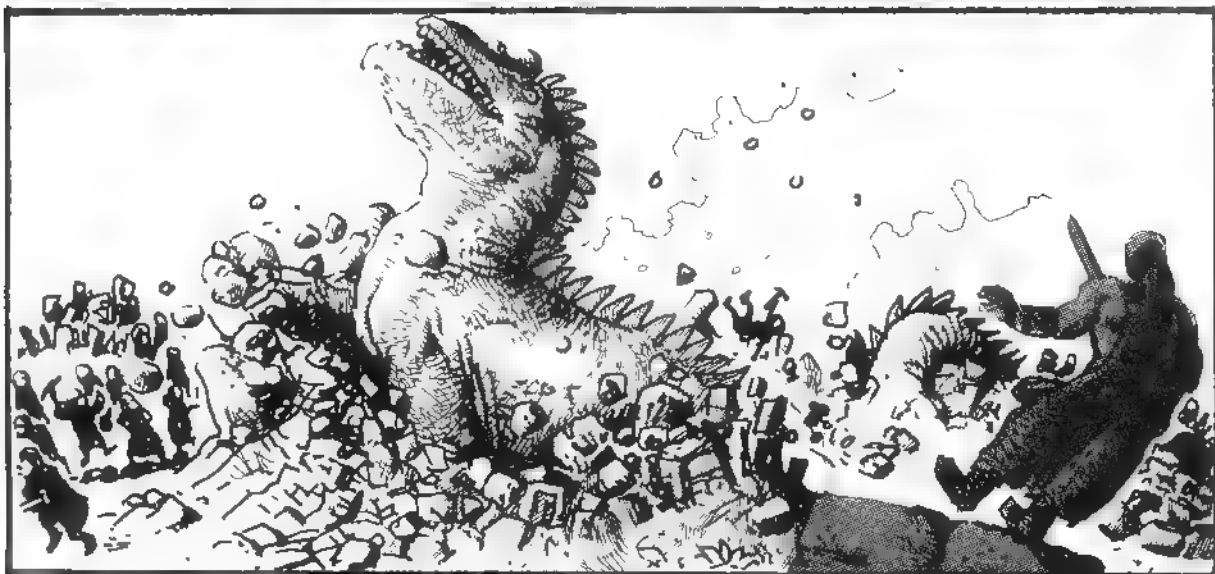




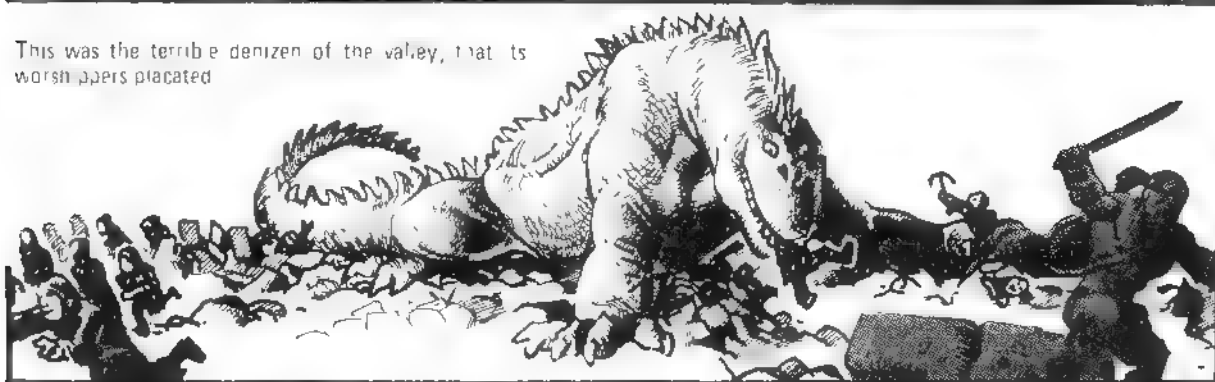
Aye His close friend an assassin! Chard hurried down into the taboo burial ground to await Tyvos' fellow killers



Climbing to a vantage point he readied to a last fight as the killer appeared



This was the terrible denizen of the valley, that its worshippers placated



the being they fed their dead and infidels to

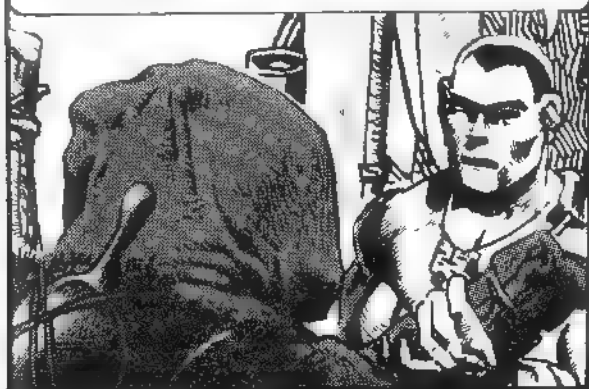


Stunned in his backward glance Chard recognized the lovely face in the cold marble ASTAPHEA



Chard madly climbed from the tomb doorway. Wearily he trekked on to his seaport destination

You're the next courier. Here take the door I'm through with it!



It stinks of sorcery and has killed all my friends! Watch out! Assassins covet it! I'm glad to be done with it



I only hope that door leads to no more evil



And so the idol came into my hands. I made east, across the sea to Estravan. Here I made for Arvek's castle, yet always I've felt followed.



I fear the assassins have come east as well! I was to pass the idol on to the next contact—Turant, a mercenary.



Where is he?

In Omothros, where he'll join the merchant Wurtez. Using sandboats they'll journey south to the shrine of the Southern Demi Gorgon.



Where they'll release the monster!

No! My lords plan to gain support of the southern cult with the idol! Raise an army to



Lies! The monster exists! What does Sternblack plan?

I refuse to tell

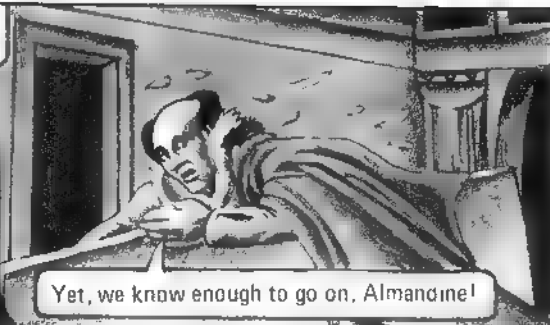
Look Out!!



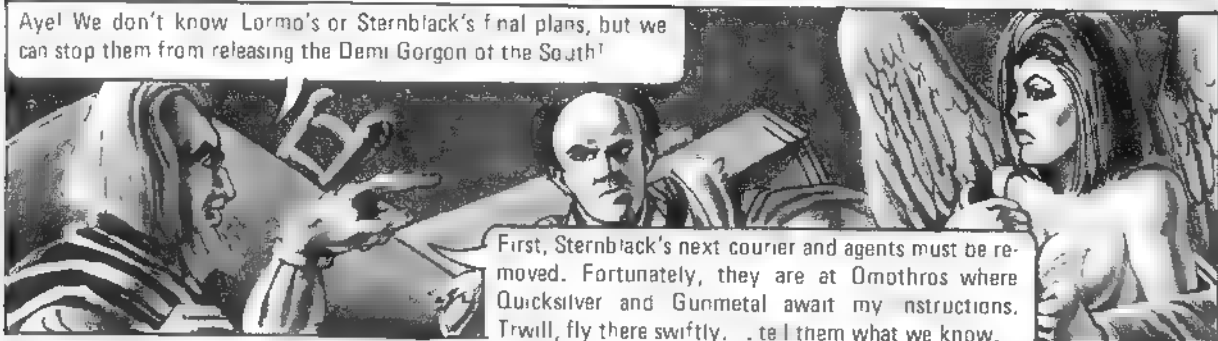
Blast that Demon! Certainly now he won't tell me what I want to know



Yet, we know enough to go on, Almandine!

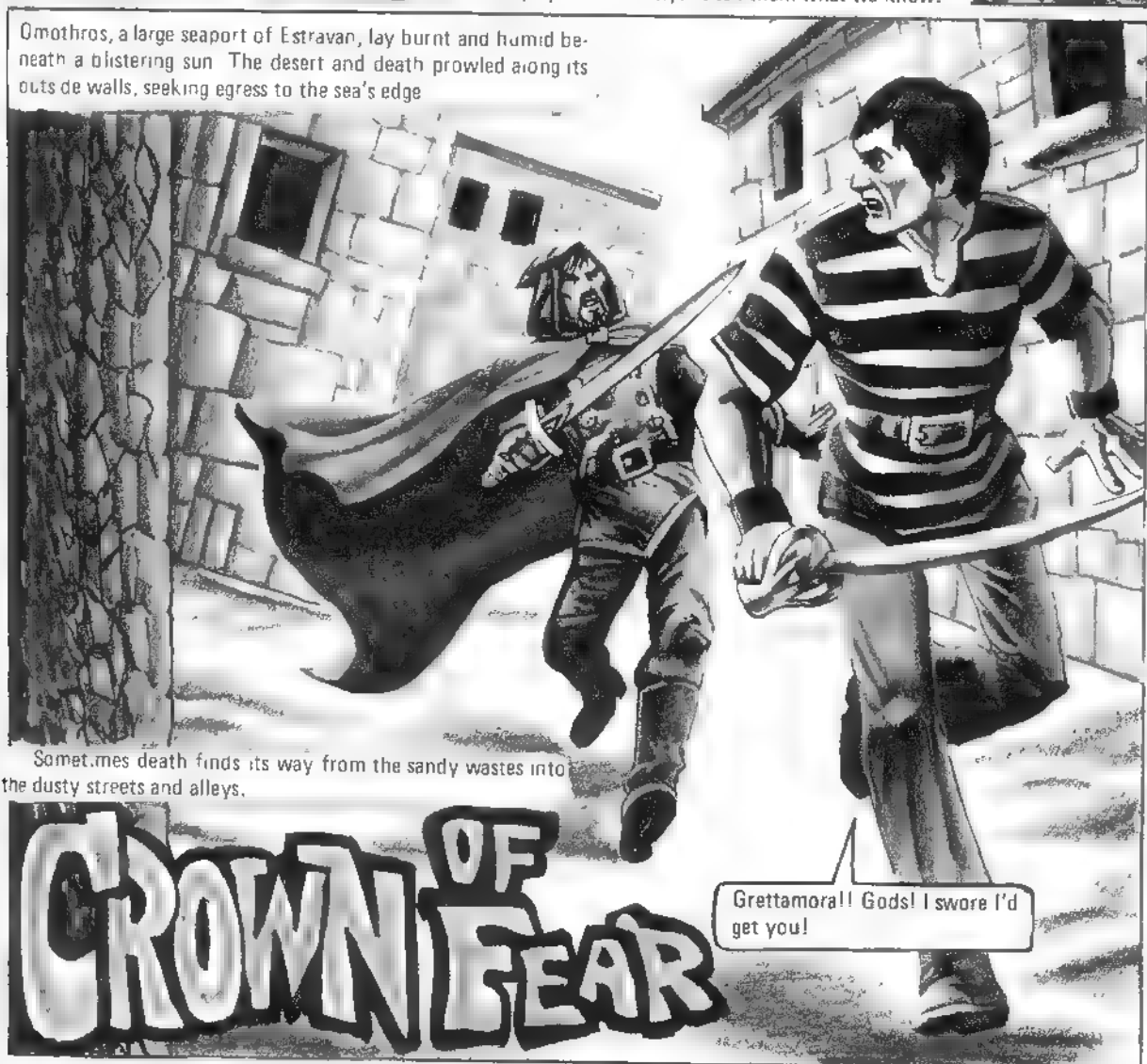


Aye! We don't know Lormo's or Sternblack's final plans, but we can stop them from releasing the Demi Gorgon of the South!



First, Sternblack's next courier and agents must be removed. Fortunately, they are at Omothros where Quicksilver and Gunmetal await my instructions. Trwill, fly there swiftly. . . tell them what we know.

Omothros, a large seaport of Estravan, lay burnt and humid beneath a blistering sun. The desert and death prowled along its outside walls, seeking egress to the sea's edge.



Sometimes death finds its way from the sandy wastes into the dusty streets and alleys.

Grettamora!! Gods! I swore I'd get you!

CROWN OF FEAR

Turant, the mercenary, felt that death fast closing on him. Moments before he had taken from a courier the idyllic Lord Sternblack had sent him for—along with warnings of assassins stalking Sternblack's couriers.

So—an assassin now, Dog?!

I've finally got you, Gretta mora! After fifteen years!

Aye! Fifteen years! I'm the last from our outpost—but you'll not kill me too!

I revenge those your traitors killed!

CHUK!

Gauahhh!

Only the sands and blazing sun heard Gunmeta's vengeful words in the silent alley. Words that would seem strange to his friends halfway across the city.

You dare insinuate my linens are maggot infested, you fat—

Wurtz, my portliness has nothing to do with your second rate goods!

Here, merchant—take a closer look at your linens and see the truth!

Yaggh! Thieves!

Quick! Tie him!

Why'd let you talk me into this mad venture?

Because Almandine offers you rare goods, businessman! Here's Trwi! Come on girl, tell us why you had us do these deeds

Aye! Here's Gunmetal too! Doesn't look too happy!

The morning hours turned to noontime as Trwi spoke of all the beastman had told Almandine, ... of the Black idol ... of Lormos' and Sternbiack's plans...

... And so the last courier was Turant and his aide, Wurtez, was to take him south to meet others for the final leg of the journey

And so you need Gunmetal to impersonate Turant and Flint to impersonate Wurtez

Groan!

Exactly The mercenaries we meet will take us to the temple of the Demi-Gorgon, whom we must try to destroy

We will take Wurtez's sand ships there Flint is familiar with their operation

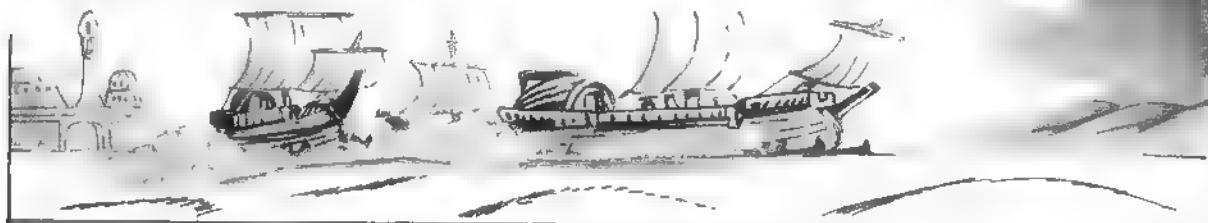
We must move fast! To ensure this I'm charming the boats with air spirits.

Amazing! I thought all you could do was lead a mule!

Shaz!

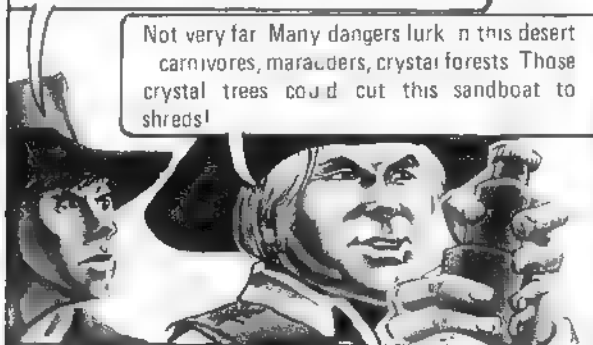
Even in a dead wind the boats will move swiftly under their magic power

Hurried y the sandships were loaded with supplies and by late afternoon the adventurers sped away nto the desert wastes beyond Omothros.



Have you ever been out here in your travels?

Not very far. Many dangers lurk n this desert: carnivores, marauders, crystal forests. Those crystal trees could cut this sandboat to shreds!

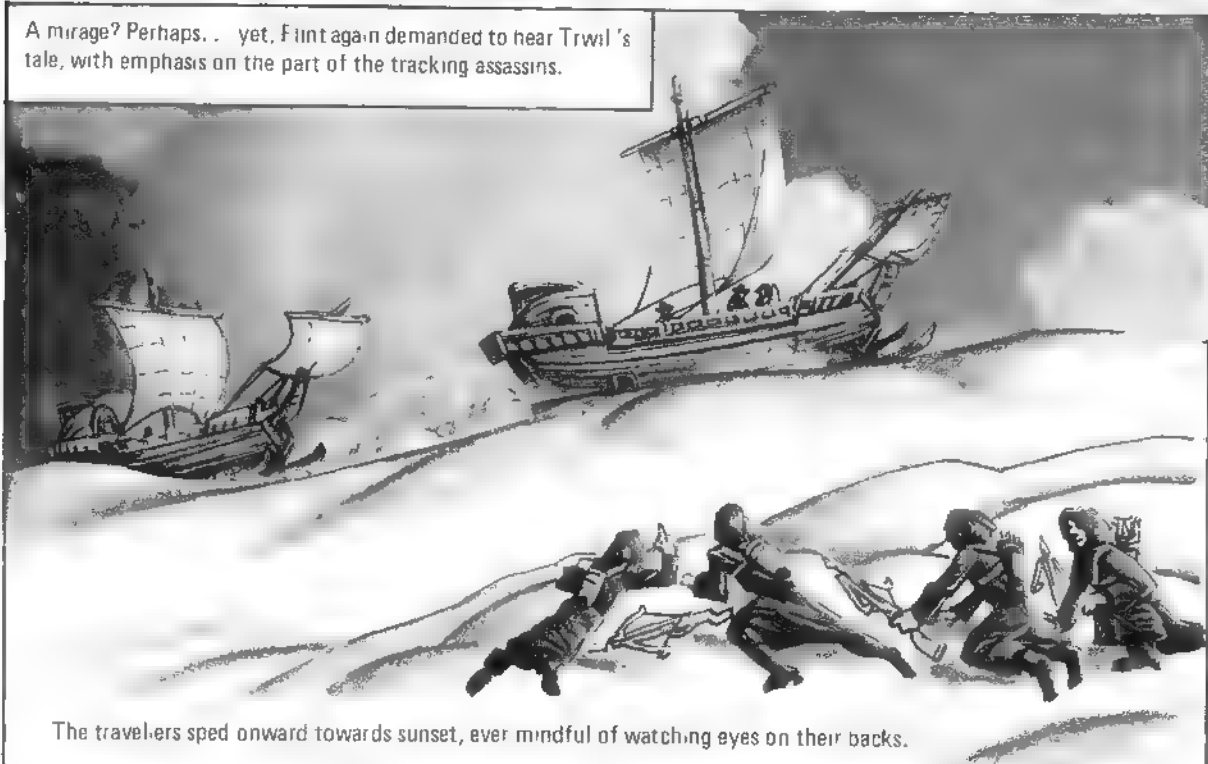


No worry there, my fellow a r spirits will guide us safely when I call on them!



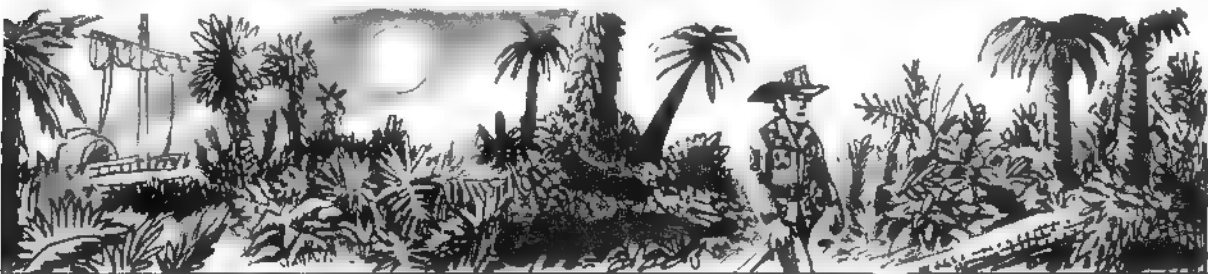
Hold it! Looked like someone out there among the dunes! Black f gures!

A mirage? Perhaps. . yet, Flint again demanded to hear Trwil's tale, with emphasis on the part of the tracking assassins.



The travelers sped onward towards sunset, ever mindful of watching eyes on their backs.

Final y, a cool oasis was reached. As the moon rose, Quicksilver retired to a quiet part of the glade.



I'm glad you came, Qu exsilver We haven't had time to be alone.

I'm just thinking about how you told me to magically obliterate the Demi Gorgon. I may not come out of there alive—

I'll protect you!

What a strange life feeling guided

We air spirits believe life is a game, played by the gods We are all good or bad pawns!

What a belief! I refuse to think I'm a puppet!

Quick, is it so bad to serve the cause of Order?

No freedom! And recently I've found out I'm a demi-god!

I know...

You know?! Know! —That I'm a tell me more ..

...not now ..

As the light of dawn burned the rendezvous cliffs the four adventurers, masquerading as Turant, Wurtez, and the attendants arrived before the waiting mercenaries.



Their guide was Hador, a mercenary who was accompanied by Kreen, a sly and sinister mediator representing both wizards, Lormos and Sternblack.

You've braved the dangers of the desert and your quest will soon be ended, Turant. Two weeks' journey from here lies the mountain shrine where the black idol will finally come back to its place.

Lords Lormos and Sternblack will greatly reward you!

Perhaps, Hador, perhaps...

Those are rewarded who serve well and give themselves to our lords completely, such as I. There is no tolerance of disobedience.

... Still we should reward good work.

... Yet we—I must be sure of obedience!

I always do any job well, little man!

Good! Do so!—and remember—we watch!

... Yes, always watch him! Must do that!

Mind him not. Kreen's strange, but his magic has safely guided us across the desert.

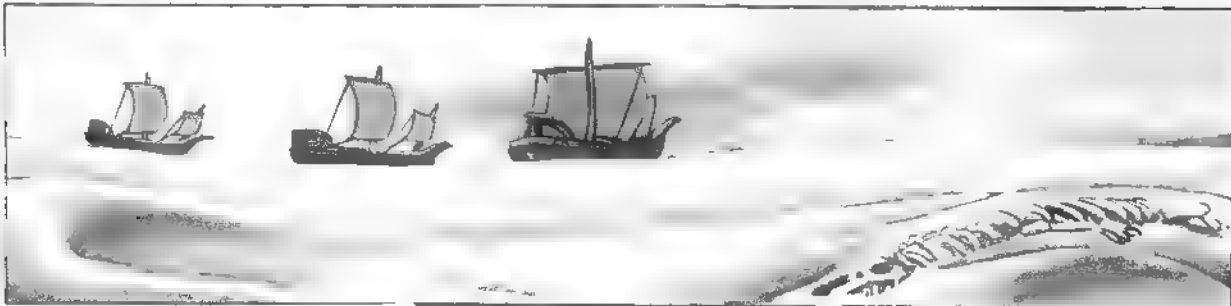
Makes me uncomfortable—he seems like a mumbling crowd.

Who are these folk?

The girl's a wench I took in Omotbras—a good servant. Other's a poet whose songs soothe me.

You've damned expensive tastes! Still a song at the camp fire will be good!

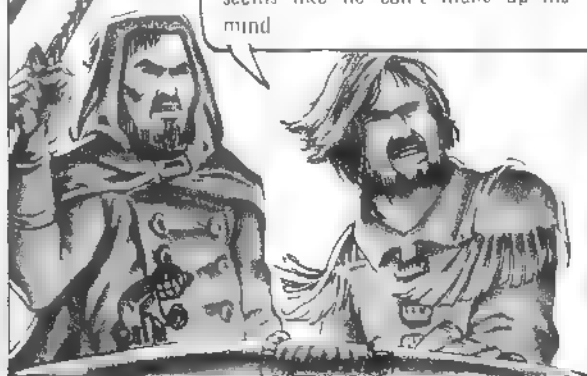
The mercenaries transferred aboard the sandship caravan and the expedition headed deeper south



Finally, weeks later, the goal was near

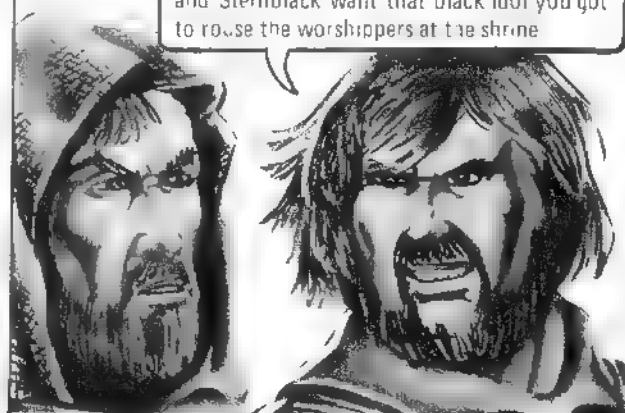
Soon we reach the shrine. I'll be glad to be done and say farewell to our double-taking friend!

Aye! Kruen gets on my nerves seems like he can't make up his mind



What happens when he releases the Demi-Gorgon?

Hah! The Gorgon's a myth, man! Lormos and Sternblack want that black idol you got to rouse the worshippers at the shrine



Surely you knew they planned to raise an army of fanatics loyal to the black idol. Those desert warriors are fierce

Hador!!



Our lords' plans are their own.

... We must tell no one...

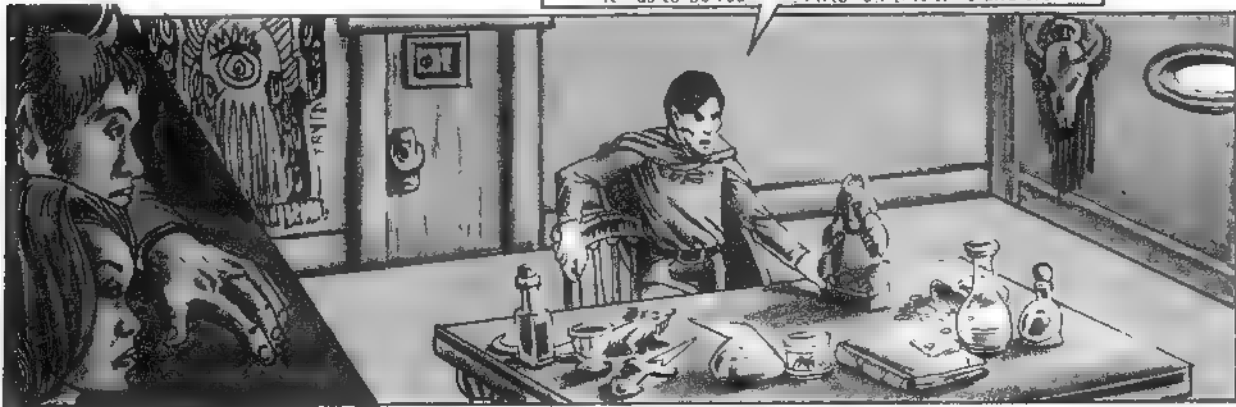
No one...



Turant, the black idol! We—I must study it to ascertain if it is the real one!

As Kreen grumbled to himself, looking over the idol in his cabin he failed to see two figures in the ceiling panels .

It has to be real! After all this time and work!



It'd better be real or you'll suffer, don't! . . . Shush! I'm sure it's real . . . Ah! There is one way to tell for certain!



Negg-Matowla! Rnnagg Cedon! Come forth! Give me sight of yourself!



A whirlwind blew through the small room. Amid a burst of coruscations and swirling smoke Kreen sat rigid while hideous phantoms, projections of the Demi Gorgon, flowed in wild dance around the idol. Aghast, Trwiff and Quicksilver trembled at the sight.



Hours after the sandboats halted and camp was made

What's the matter? You look sick!

Ho! A song, poet! The men are jumpy... soothe our nerves!
We spotted some trackers, probably desert dwellers behind us!

Never mind! Just be ready to run when I tell you,
Flint!

Alright. A song fit for the occasion. "The Queen of
Darkness"

Vaneth nel, young and fair
Skilled in beauty and in magic
Charmed young men of her kingdom
Woven spells, potent words of amorous pleadings
Held them all in thrall

Singing, dancing, pretty Vanethinel
Lovers she calls, one or all.
Till one day those powers lost
By which she held them
One by one they did leave her
Now to ancient tomes,
Hoary black books of darkness,
These she turned to help her

A price to pay for more knowledge
Vanethinel, she must give
So to bleak hillsides,
Beneath white stone rings,
At the midnight toll
She paid tribute rightly so

Those Powers of Darkness did enfold her,
Take that she did offer
Crushed white neck,
Tore her soft skin,
Her bloodied heart they tore out—

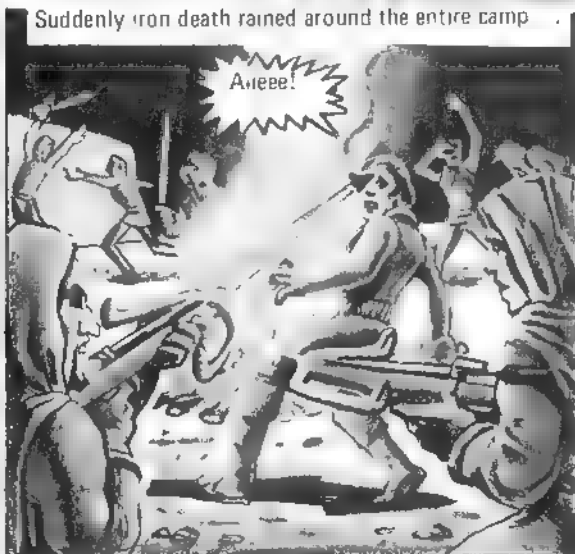
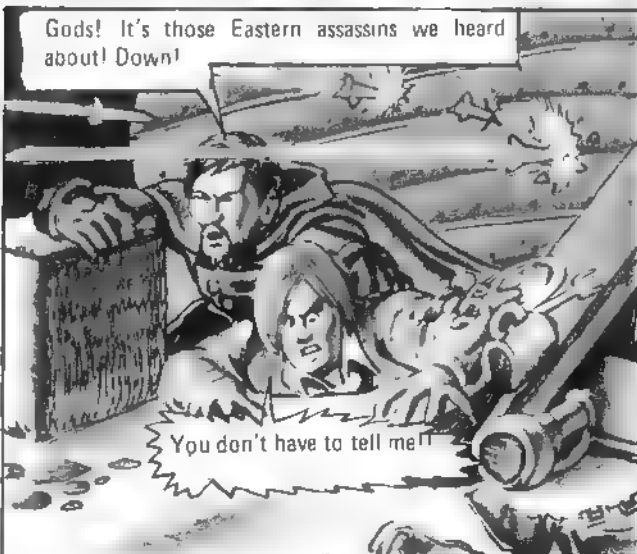
SHUT UP!!

Quiet! I heard something—
out there! Someone's coming!

Durad, you gave us a scare!

Would've been here sooner... thought I saw
some men sneaking around the crystal forest
outside camp... nothing, though.

Probably spooks of a bad song! How are
things at the shrine? Go get some food, see
your old friend Turant.





Damn! Quicksilver's boat got wrecked!



We've got to turn back and pick them up!

Too bad! I'm not risking our necks for assassins! Kreen gave the idol back to you—we're heading for the safety of the shrine!

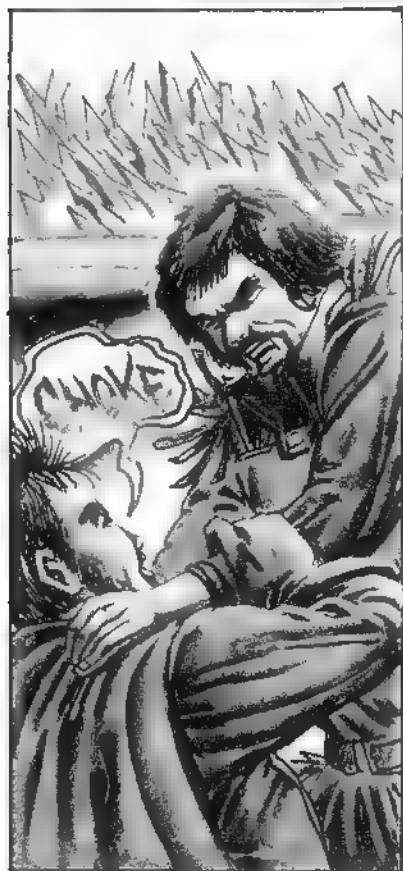


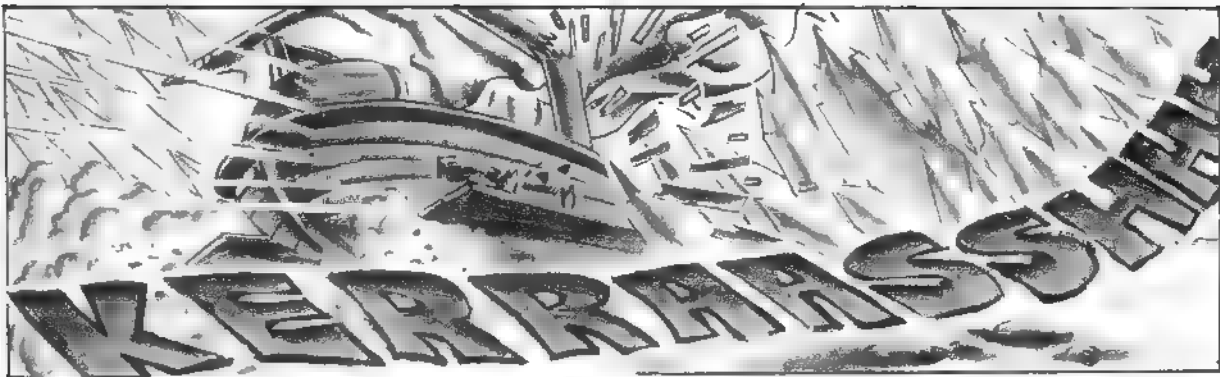
There's your damned idol! Back there with them! Now turn around!!



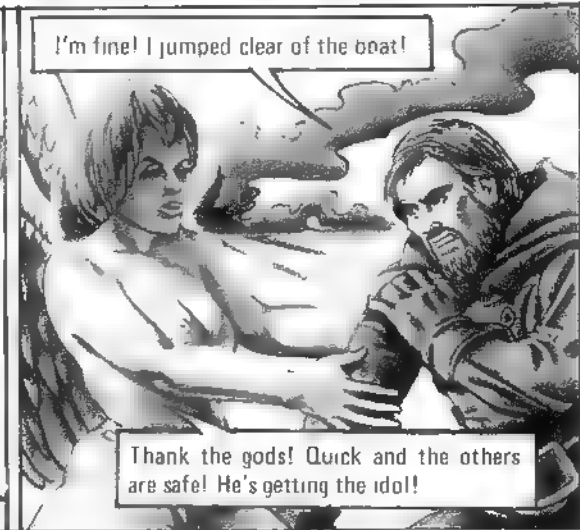
Stupid fool

KUD!





Trw!!! Over here!



I'm fine! I jumped clear of the boat!

Thank the gods! Quick and the others are safe! He's getting the idol!



There you are!

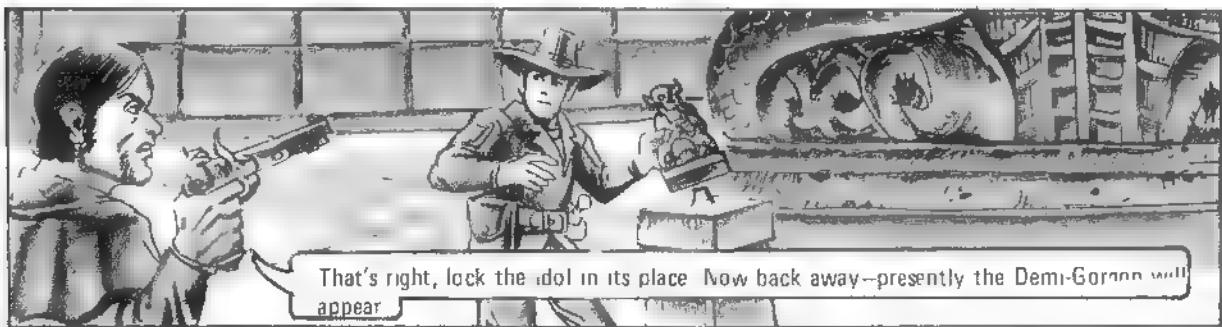


Very good! We will now go to the shrine



And complete my—the masters' plans

The great arched vault of the shrine stretched away in darkness. Its walls of mirrored metal—this, Quicksilver knew, was for the benefit of worshippers not daring to look on the Demi-Gorgon's face.

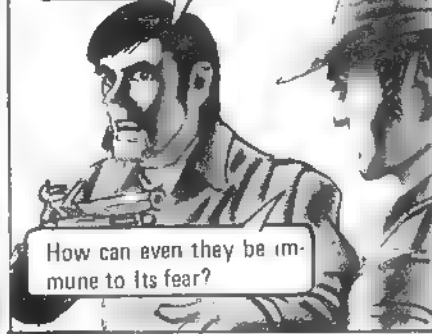


That's right, lock the idol in its place. Now back away—presently the Demi-Gorgon will appear.

Its appearance causes unendurable fear. It and its brothers once held nations in sway. So will it be again.



Lords Lormos and Sternblack can use this fear to crown themselves rulers of Estravan... later perhaps of all Eirvthia!

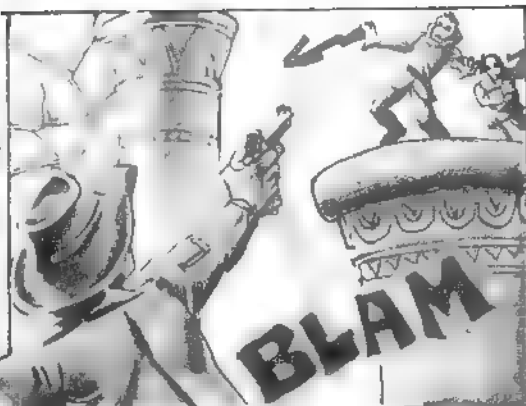


How can even they be immune to its fear?

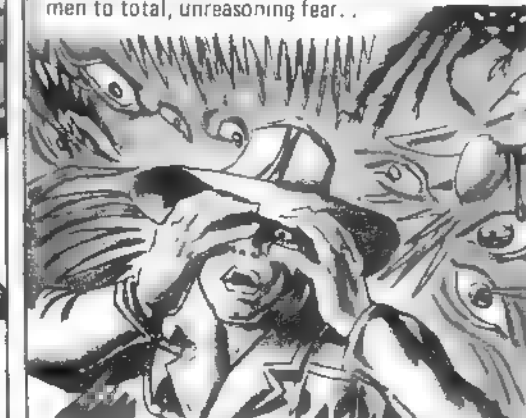
With magic such as this. And since both Lormos and Sternblack possess my mind I can control the monster.



A feat, alas, you won't see



It was true! Mere sight of the monster reduced men to total, unreasoning fear. .



It had sat patiently for centuries, waiting for its worshippers to free it. Now it was free! Free to unleash its fear and terrible might on these infidels

Quick! He stumbled to where the amulet lay.



All fear truly dropped from the wearer of the charm!



Now he had to destroy the Demi Gorgon and its temple with magic.



Before the monster killed him!





Sure he couldn't outrun the monster Quicksilver finished the magic powder circle and prepared to die in its igniting .



Yet, it was not his day to die, for. .



I told you I'd protect you!



Flying through a rent in the vault Trw bore them high over the shrine. Quicksilver dropped the elemental charm.



Back to earth into the magic circle. Immediately thunderbolts flew into its center!



The others are safe and now, so are you, Quick!



... should become a librarian

Trw! l's airy laughter spread across the silver spaces of the evening air ...

★ h. Arnold - 77

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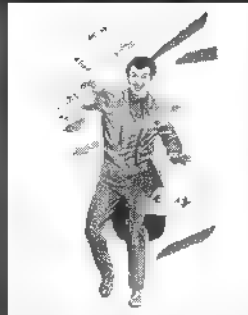
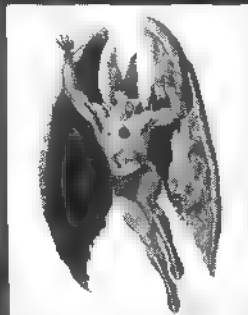
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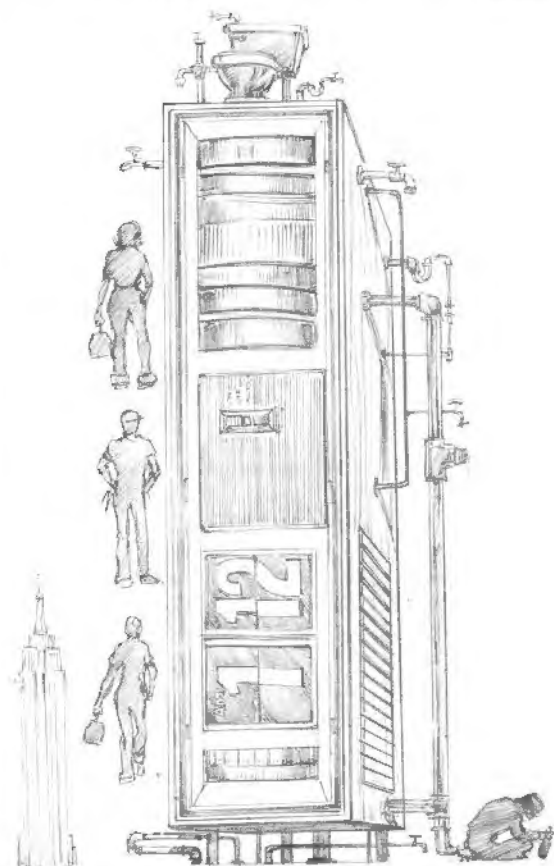
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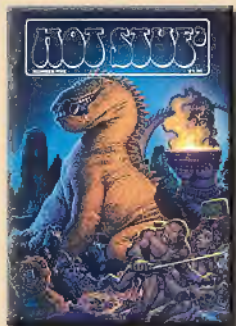
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- Sal Quartuccio (editor), 2(e)
- Bob Keenan - (assistant editor)
- Richard V. Corben - 1, 18-27(a), 49(ad)
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